may be, hath endured a griefe might equal yours, if both were iuſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my deriuation was from anceſtors who ſtood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſeruitude, I wil deſiſt but there is ſomething glowes vpon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per, My fortunes parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eye vpon me, ye'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhews, yet I was mortally brought foorth and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhalbe deliuered weeping: my deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraite, as ſiluer voye'ſt, her eyes as iewell-like and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarues the eares ſhee feedes and makes them hungry, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger from the decke, you may diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeue thee, and make my ſenees credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou camſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy pare
beene toſt from wrong t
griefes might equall mi
Mar. Some ſuch thin
thoughts did warrant m
Per. Tell thy ſtory, i
part of my endnrance, t
gyrle, yet thou doſt lool
and ſmiling extreamity
loſt thou thy name my
thee, Come ſit by me.
Mar. My name is *M*
Per. Oh I am mockt
hither to make the worl
Mar. Patience good
Per Nay Ile be patie
ſtartle me to call thy ſel
Mar. The name was
my father aud a King,
Per. How, a kings da
Mar. You ſaid you w
ble of your peace I will
Per. But are you fleſh
Haue you a working pu
Motion will ſpeake on, w
And wherefore call *Ma*
Mar. Cald *Marina*,
Per. At ſea who! was
Mar. My mother wa
minute I was borne, as
uered weeping.
Per. O ſtop there a litt
That ere dull ſleepe did
This cannot be my daug
Ile heare you more to th
terrupt you.
Mar. You ſcorne, be

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